

GOOD COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

Dear children, hearken to advice.
That you may grow up sweet and nice;
Oh! Do not trifle with the old.
And, aye, be gentle to the old!

When to dear grandpa's you go
Don't stamp upon his gaiter toe;
And in his lean and shrunken arms
Do not stick old and rusty pins.

If grandma says, "Come, kiss me, dear,"
Don't jab the poker in her ear;
Or from her cap-strings bite the lace,
Or paste scrap-pictures on her face.

If at a nice old spinster aunt's
A visit you should make by chance,
Don't with the scissors snip her frock,
Or throw tomatoes at her clock.

For it's of little things like these
Often your elders you displease;
Oh! Pray be calm and self-controlled—
And never strike or scratch the old!

—Carolyn Wells, in Puck.

GOT THERE.

YOU don't need it, my dear," said Pfeineger, pattingly. "There are some women who have to deck themselves out with daintily silks and satins and frills and furbelows and gingerbread and gewgaws. They've got to attract attention in some way, but you don't need it. You look well in any modest little thing. You can lead distinction to your clothes."

Mrs. Pfeineger looked pleased. "It's awfully nice of you to say so," she said, "but—"

"And another thing," continued Pfeineger; "we can't afford any needless extravagance. We aren't destitute, thank goodness! But it's just as well to practice judicious economy. Yes, I know you do, though, that you have plenty of pretty little gowns. Where's that brown dress with the yellow trimming? I never see you wear that now."

"I ripped that up last spring and had the skirt dyed and wore it out."

"Well, you've lots of others. Wear some of them. This isn't a royal visit, and Barker is just as plain as an old shoe."

"His wife may not be, though."

"Oh, hang her! Wear anything you like. I don't care what you wear."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Pfeineger, after a short pause, "I might wear that little gray silk, but—"

"Why, of course. What's the matter with that? I declare, you women get me! You buy a dress and pay some fancy price for it and then after you've worn it once or twice you go to work and rip it up or else have it altered. Here I've been wearing the same dress suit for five years and expect to wear it for five more, unless you let the moths get into it, and it's the same with hats. My hat—"

Mrs. Pfeineger sighed. "Very well, dear, I'll wear the gray," she said.

Barker was an old friend of Pfeineger's—a friend of his youth. He had gone to California about ten years before and had prospered. Pfeineger was walking along the street one afternoon when he was nearly knocked down with a slap on the shoulder. It was the long-lost Barker. He had altered in the ten years. Pfeineger was not quite sure that it had been for the better. He was broader of girth and redder in the face, and it seemed as if he was rather more boisterous in his manner than formerly. However, they lunched together and Pfeineger asked his old-time friend and his wife, who had accompanied him on his eastern trip, to dine with him.

"I didn't hear that you had married, Bob," said Pfeineger. "I don't know that I would have believed it if I had heard it. I always thought you were above such weakness."

Barker again slapped him on the shoulder, and keeping his hand pressed heavily there said in a husky but impressive whisper: "My boy, she's a corker!"

When the Barkers made their appearance Pfeineger could not help admitting that his friend's description of his wife was not altogether inaccurate. She was a tall woman, high colored and with flashing black eyes—rather too much color and rather too much flash about her, perhaps; but she was emphatically a "corker." She was attired in a costume of pale green satin, elaborately trimmed, that fitted her to perfection, and when she sat down to dinner and the diamonds that covered her fingers up to the knuckles sparkled in the light of the candles Pfeineger could not help a sneaking feeling that poor little Mrs. Pfeineger was somewhat eclipsed.

The evening was not exactly a success. Mrs. Barker was vivacious enough, even to the point of snoking a cigarette after dinner. She played the piano, too, in a dashing sort of way. Barker talked a great deal and rather boastfully of himself, and his pride in his wife was manifest.

"Yes, we're going to stop here a week or two," he said once. "The madam here has got to buy a few more trunks of dresses. I tell you, Pfeineger, she keeps me broke about all the time."

Later on, as Mrs. Barker was playing, Barker called Pfeineger's attention to one of her rings and told him the price.

In was vain that Pfeineger told himself that his guest was a vulgar, purse-proud upstart, and that he thanked the Lord that Mr. Pfeineger was not as Mrs. Barker. He could not keep his eyes off the lady or her gowns or her rings.

At breakfast the next morning he suddenly said, "Mollie."

Mrs. Pfeineger started a little. "What is it, James?" she asked.

"Don't you think—that your wardrobe wants looking after a little?"

Mrs. Pfeineger is long-suffering, but her tone was rather impatient as she answered that she had been trying to convince him of that a few days before.

"I suppose you want me to look like the fascinating Mrs. Barker," she added.

"Not by a long shot," said Pfeineger, with rather exaggerated warmth.

"But—well, is that gray dress the best you have?"

"It's about the only thing I have," she replied.

"Then," said Pfeineger, "you must go down town to a good dressmaker and get yourself fitted out. Yes, I guess I can stand the expense. I'll bet I can match piles with Barker and top him an inch or two for all his brag. Don't ask me what. Get what you want. Get plenty while you're getting and get them good."

Of course that was a nice thing to say, and of course Mrs. Pfeineger thanked him, but somehow she did not feel quite as delighted as Pfeineger felt she ought to be.—Chicago Daily News.

CRYSTALS AND GEMS.

Beauties That May Be Observed Through a Magnifying Glass.

Sketching crystals is fine and delicate work, requiring much study, a sharp-pointed, hard pencil and a steady hand. First of all, having selected your nest of crystals, it is well to study all the books have to say about them, their angles, cleavage planes, luster, etc., then take a large ore magnifying glass and examine them closely under it. An unexpected world of beauty will thus often be revealed. If the crystals are in a little globe or cavity, such as is common in the zeolite class in volcanic rocks, you may see the fairy-like cavern lined with sparkling gems, from which radiate tufts of fine silken hairs with a big gem crystal set in the midst; sometimes the caverns contain purple gems of amethyst or fluorspar. You will observe crystals that have been stunted in their growth or misshapen by the pressing against them of other stronger growing crystals. You may see fine striae or parallel lines or indications of twinning of crystals; you will notice also the lines of cleavage characteristic of certain crystals and invisible to the naked eye, also crystals that have been broken and faulted and re cemented by mineral matter.

Having thus thoroughly studied the crystals, place them on a piece of white paper in strong light and shadow. Draw the outlines clear and strong, and the angles and faces of the crystal sharply. Some crystals resemble one another so closely, like certain forms of calcite and quartz, that only by very careful drawing can one be distinguished from the other, especially without the use of color. In highly colored ores and crystals some beautiful realistic effects have been obtained by photo-lithography in colors, but many ores and crystals have no distinctive colors; then you must rely on form. Again, some forms of crystals are identical in form with others of an entirely different order and you may have to distinguish them by color. Shading, especially in transparent crystals, should be used sparingly, except when the shadow is very pronounced, or when the bases of the crystals descend into the dark depths and recesses of the geode cavern. To bring out distinctly the forms of white or translucent crystals it may be well to shade a dark background back of them.

Sometimes a row of quart crystals in the centre of a vein is locked in the embrace of an opposite set, like a row of clenched teeth. Occasionally these are beautifully tinted with amethystine purple, whilst back of them is a layer of milky white opaline quartz, agate or chalcedony, and back of that a dense layer of red, yellow or variegated jasper. In drawing crystals the main point to be aimed at is their characteristic shape or grouping, so that any one seeing the sketch may recognize them as belonging to a particular family. When crystals are very small, as in twin crystals of twin, or in crystals of telluride ores, it is legitimate to magnify the crystal so as to bring out its distinctive features. Some ores form a series of concentric rings, like green malachite and blue azurite of copper; they had better be represented by their natural vivid colors.—Mines and Minerals.

The Admirer Failed to Get a Dog.

Admiral Sterling almost became the possessor of a coach dog, and some one in Honolulu a loser thereby. The dog has a habit of following people to whom he takes a fancy, and there is no shaking him off until he takes it into his head that a change of masters is desirable. In some way he followed an officer down to the naval station. One of the clerks saw the dog and made inquiries from other station attaches, but no one seemed to know anything about it. A telephone message came to this inquiring clerk shortly afterward asking whether such a dog was at the station. The clerk replied that it was there and tied up, and the person at the other end of the 'phone said that dog was probably the one intended as a gift for Admiral Sterling, but had been sent to the wrong place, and the clerk was asked if he would kindly present the dog to the admiral. The clerk was unable to comply with the request; just at that time, owing to the stress of work. Later in the day, in talking over his telephone instructions, he came to the conclusion that the voice had a familiar sound, and he forthwith smelt a rat. The dog is still at the station awaiting his owner. Admiral Sterling didn't need a dog, anyhow.—Honolulu Commercial Advertiser.

Curious "Good-Bye."

When a Turk bids farewell to a friend he solemnly crosses his hands on his breast and makes a profound bow. The natives of New Guinea, on the other hand, exchange chocolate, conveying an expression of confidence in each other as well as a salutation. In the Fiji Islands two cardinal-colored feathers are crossed and the Burmese gentleman murmurs soothingly, "Hib, hib!" In Japan your friend takes off his slippers and says: "I regard thee."

Dangerous Bacteria.

It is the bacteria that have become virulent by feasting on human tissues that are dangerous. A soiled bottle returned to the milkman by a mother whose baby had a diarrhoea will infect the score or more of bottles that are washed in the same water with it.

Invention of Decimal Fractions.

Decimal fractions were invented by a German, Johann Mueller, of Nuremberg, in the year 1464.

Servia is a Peculiar Nation.

The People Are Clean, Hospitable and Religious—Something About Their Customs.

By Emma Paddock Telford.

THE Servians, who call themselves Serbs or Sorbs, claim descent from a community of Slavs invited by the Emperor Heraclius to people the Danubian lands laid waste by the Avars. This stock to-day, in Europe, numbers over 80,000,000—1,500,000 being settled in Servia. By language and race they belong to Russia, and a common saying with them is: "The Germans have reached their day; the English their midday; the French their afternoon; the Italians their evening; the Spaniards their night; but the Slavs stand on the threshold of their morning." The Servians are more purely Slavs than their neighbors, the Bulgarians. When they adopted Christianity, part of the people joined the Greek Church and part the Church of Rome.

For a brief period during the reign of one man, Stephen Dushan from 1333 to 1355, there was a powerful Servian kingdom, including Bosnia, Herzegovina and much of Macedonia. But after his downfall and the disastrous flight of his successor at Kassaova, the component parts of this Servia fell asunder. Many of the Servians remain in Macedonia to-day—in the sections known as Old Servia—while the warlike Montenegrins are the descendants of the aristocracy of ancient Servia, who fled to the mountain fastnesses between the Adriatic and the Valley of Zeta after the defeat at Kassaova. In the Ottoman invasion the Servians along the Danube were conquered, many of the nobles, in order to preserve their privileges, adopting Mohammedanism. They are a gentlemanly people, however, and do not interfere with their Christian brothers of the Greek or Romish Church.

The Servian language is flexible, musical and powerful. Song is heard



KING PETER I. OF SERVIA.

everywhere, and the wandering minstrel still traverses the country from castle to castle, singing of the glories of Servia as was prior to the defeat of Kassaova. They are very fond of the grand old hymns of the Greek Church. One noticeable feature of their songs is the keynote of hopefulness and brightness. Many of their ballads are like Longfellow's "Hiawatha" in meter. Of their poetry it has been said to be "like their own mountainous land, wild, stern and rugged, but diversified by smiling valleys and fruitful fields, showing that it is capable of development and cultivation." The versification is regular.



KING ALEXANDER AND QUEEN DRAGA, THE RULERS OF SERVIA, WHO WERE RECENTLY ASSASSINATED.

As a people the Servians are simple-minded, hospitable, honest, dignified. There is a great prejudice against lawyers all through the land, and they have in the interior what are known as "reconciliation houses," in which cases

are decided by the village elders without expense to the litigants. The common people are grave and religious by character, many of them holding three daily prayer meetings. At the table each individual asks a blessing on the food. In drinking, even the toast of the Servians is "to the glory of God," and no one, it is said, would take his seat at the head of a convivial party who could not extemporize a suitable



SERVIAN NOBLEMEN AS THEY ARE AT HOME.

prayer. There are few great land owners. Each family owns the land it tills, and with the most imperfect methods of agriculture manages to draw from it a livelihood.

Scarcely a third of the ground is under cultivation, however, owing to the fact that there are so few day laborers. When a cultivator is not able with the help of his family to harvest his own hay or wheat he calls upon his neighbors, and in return offers his own services. At the end of each harvest is a festival called the moba, when all men and women engage in the kola, or national dance. An immense circle is formed of men and women alternating, and holding each other by the hand or waist. In the centre the gypsy band plays the national airs.

The circle revolves slowly, in curves—the steps, a series of small standing jumps, executed with great decorum. No Servian will consent to be a house servant—even the cooks and men servants coming from Croatia, Austria or Hungary. Maize is the principal crop, the rest of the arable land being given to potatoes, hemp, vines, tobacco, rye, wheat and corn.

The climate and vegetation are much like the South of England. The slopes are covered with strawberries, the forest glades with raspberries and blackberries, while pears, cherries, plums and apples grow even in the woods.

herds of these animals, almost wild, fattened in the glades of the vast beechen forests. They were brought in droves toward the Danube and sold for consumption in Austria and Hungary. Now the oak forests are devastated to a great extent, for the Servian takes from the soil but never gives back—and American bacon is used everywhere. Small wonder that Prince Alexis a few years ago should have felt emboldened to meditate an alliance between himself and the daughter of an American millionaire pork packer as "all in the trade."

The Servian woman, according to ancient tradition, holds an inferior and somewhat servile position, and not until she becomes the mother of children does she amount to much in the estimation of her family.

This was one of the reasons that impelled Queen Draga to try and palm off her sister's child as her own. In the wedding ceremony the presence of a new born child is deemed a most



A Giant Sassafras.

The accompanying picture shows the largest sassafras tree I have ever seen or heard of. The tree measures thirteen feet in circumference and its height must be between forty and fifty feet. The tree stands in the township of Red Hook, Dutchess County, New York, about two or three miles south-east of Tivoli, on the road from Tivoli to Upper Red Hook. I have driven past this tree every spring for nearly sixty years. The trunk is now a mere shell, and I desire to place on record the portrait of this venerable tree before it vanishes. Years ago the tree was covered with wild grape, and every spring it was covered with bloom the fragrance of which made the old

essential feature. When King Alexander was married the wedding was celebrated with a minute observance of all the traditional ceremonies and customs of the Greek Church.

As the Queen descended from her carriage a piece of white linen woven in the country was spread upon the ground. As soon as the bride crossed it, it was rolled up in order that no other foot might tread upon it. At the entrance door of the Konak, her aunt presented a sieve of seed corn, of which the Queen took three handfuls, tossing them over her head. She then emptied the sieve upon the ground.

On the threshold the bride was presented with a plate of bonbons, one of



A MIDDLE-CLASS SERVIAN WOMAN IN HOME DRESS.

which she placed between her lips, while the King bit off the other half.

The bridegroom then took into his arms a new born boy, lent for this special occasion by the minister. Alexander kissed him, then laid him in the arms of the Queen, who, after kissing him three times, returned with him to his mother with the present of a new shirt. This child is called Nakonyese, "the most essential."

The scattered corn denotes that the bride brings with her joy and prosperity, while the divided bonbon means that no bitterness shall divide them. After all these ceremonies the bride must still stand at the threshold until, provided with a loaf of bread under either arm and a bottle of wine in her hands, she enters her future home.

Servian women are good housekeepers and travelers rejoice to find scrupulous cleanliness, snowy sheets and comfortable bedding—essentials lacking in most of the other Balkan states. The people are extremely fond of taking their meals at fresco, and nearly all the hotels of the cities and larger towns have charming gardens inclosed in the quadrilateral formed by their dependencies, where all sup in the open air, surrounded by trees and flowers.

The women of the cities combine European and Oriental fashions in their dress. An embroidered skirt and neckerchief cover the bust, held in place with flowers or a gold pin. A heavy brocaded sash is usually thrown around the waist and hangs in front of the gay silk dress, which is made in European style. An abundance of jewelry completes the costume, whose beauty is marred by the foolish custom of dyeing the hair and staining the eyebrows and lips. The arrangement of the hair is peculiar, a slick black braid coiled around a light scarlet fez, its crown covered with embroidery.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE TOWER OF JEZREEL

The Memory of an Extinct Sect of Religious Fanatics.

On the summit of Chatham Hill, says The London Sketch, there is a colossal structure that forms a landmark for miles around. It is known

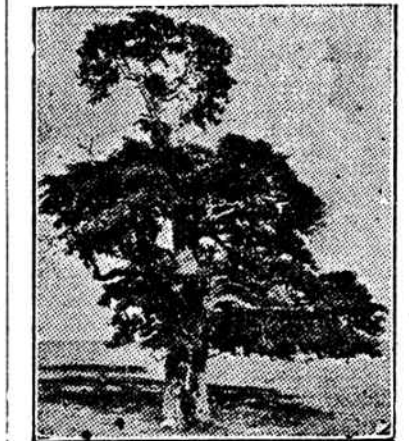


THE TOWER OF JEZREEL.

as "Jezreel's Tower," and was erected not so very many years ago by an extinct sect called the Jezreelites. Their leader, one White—or, as he preferred to call himself, "James Jeershom Jezreel"—had previously been a soldier, but found more profitable employment in preaching a faith which promised immortality to all its believers. Money flowed into the exchequers of the "faithful," and the "Temple of Jezreel" was commenced, "for the housing of 144,000 persons who were not to taste death." However, before the building was completed the faith of the immortal Jezreelites received a rude shock. White died, and most of the money also disappeared. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the faith of the Jezreelites in their own immortality died with him. A half-finished, ugly, gaping mass of bricks and iron still remains—a not inappropriate reminder of such a piece of monumental folly.

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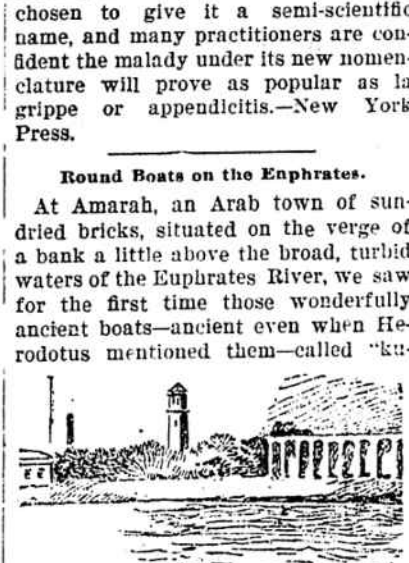


The Latest Disease.

Fantitis is the latest malady to attack the human race. It is a disease to which only civilized people are subject. Moreover, it is prevalent in summer, and persons who frequent summer gardens and cafes are liable to be numbered among its victims. It is nothing more than an ordinary cold or neuralgia produced by the drafts created by electric fans. Nevertheless, physicians, in a spirit of humor, have chosen to give it a semi-scientific name, and many practitioners are confident the malady under its new nomenclature will prove as popular as la grippe or appendicitis.—New York Press.

Round Boats on the Euphrates.

At Amarah, an Arab town of sundried bricks, situated on the verge of a bank a little above the broad, turbid waters of the Euphrates River, we saw for the first time those wonderfully ancient boats—ancient even when Herodotus mentioned them—called "kuffas" or "gophers." They are deep, round baskets, in appearance somewhat like the coracles of the ancient Britons, and are covered with bitumen, with incured tops.—Wide World Magazine.



"That which will make a drunken man sober in a minute quite sure a mad man in a month. If a drunken man is plunged into cold water he will come out perfectly sober, and I have known some that have recovered by simply wetting their heads in cold water."

Another physician who has had large experience in hospital practice, says: "In our missionary dispensary work here in this city we have had the most wonderful results from the use of the cold spray in such cases. Men who have been so intoxicated that they could not stand upon their feet, by being placed under a cold shower for a few moments, have come out of it perfectly sober, exclaiming, 'You have wrought a miracle.' Sometimes such men have gone out and gathered in other poor drunks that the same might be done for them."

"Applications of cold water act as a sort of fire alarm to every part of the system, and enable the nerve centres to rise above the depressing influences of the alcohol. Immediately following the application of cold, whether it be a cold sheet pack, a cold full bath, or a cold shower bath, hot applications should be placed to the spine and the patient should be vigorously rubbed with a dry towel so as to promote vigorous reaction."

Terminology of Carnegie.

In an address delivered at Pittsburgh some years ago to young men, Mr. Carnegie laid great stress upon the necessity of avoiding strong drink. He said in part: "I am not a temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you what observation has proved to him. I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from any of the other temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform, but from the insane thirst for liquor is almost impossible. I have known but of few exceptions to this rule."

Two Checks.

We have heard of two ways in which men tending to become drunks received the check they needed. In the one case a man who did not know he was drunk talked freely about his need of the necessity of avoiding strong drink. He said in part: "I am not a temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you what observation has proved to him. I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from any of the other temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform, but from the insane thirst for liquor is almost impossible. I have known but of few exceptions to this rule."

Alcohol insanity is a well-recognized form of mental alienation, and its victims are to be found largely in towns and cities where the drinking customs are most prevalent.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Poem: The Saloon Keeper's Cash Drawer Bell—A Terrible Arrangement of the Run Demon—Many Are Poisoned to a Degrading Death by This Foul Harpy.

Thrifty, O master, the cash drawer bell
Tinkles the tidings that all is well;
That your coffers are filling with good realm's cash.

That your silver greets gold with a gleesome clash,
Sweeter to you than a seraph's song,
Is the music that peals from your cash drawer's gong.

But, O while ye ring for the gold of price,
Gathered by sin and in avarice—
Ring for the things no gold can buy,
The wealth beyond traffic and usury.

Ring for the lives of good men lost,
Burnt as a wisp in a holocaust;
Ring for the life that was due the world,
Blasted and down to destruction hurled.

Ring for a father once strong and brave,
Whose son lies wrapped in a drunkard's grave.
Ring for the mother with prayers and tears,
Her hair grown gray with the grief of years.

Ring for the wife with her sullied name,
A broken heart and a living shame.
Ring for the children with tainted blood,
Coursing their veins like a poisonous flood.

Ring for the home with its hallowed bliss,
Turned to remorse and to bitterness.
Ring for the hope that for years has lain dead,
Like a friend on the battle's last bed.

Ring for the hope with its warm, dead face,
Its arms yet clasped in a last embrace.
Ring for the joy that might have been,
Turned to a pain that is haunting still.

Ring for the peace Christ meant should be,
A foretaste sweet, of eternity.
Ring for the holiness life has missed,
Sacred and sweet as the eucharist.

Ring, O bell, for the drunkard dead,
Whose God's bar in the Judgment time?
Solemn, my master, the cash drawer bell,
Tolls on the air a funeral knell.

Some one has murdered a man to-day!
What will the Judge on the Great Throne say?
Carved on the stone on Sinai's hill
Is the law of the Prophet, Thou Shalt Not Kill!

Who shall plead of this foul crime,
Before God's bar in the Judgment time?
—S. B. McManus, in the Ram's Horn.

The Destroyer.

If war has slain its thousands, intemperance has slain its tens of thousands. And where is the father who would not prefer to see his son shot down before his face than to behold him poisoned to a degrading death by the foul harpies whom legion has employed?

And who are the men whose fate has been thus sealed in hopeless ruin? They are young. They were seized and bound while young. Hardly one in hundreds has passed the maturity of his earthly days. Did they begin as purposed, willing drunks? Nothing was further from their thoughts or their desires. They have waded out most bravely, almost unperceptibly, into the deep. They once looked down upon the inebriate sot with sorrow and contempt, as others now look down upon them. They shied with the day their fathers gave them, or with the offered glass of friendship, at noon or night, when they lacked the courage to refuse. The demon seized them when they were sheltered, as they thought, far from his abode, and led them on, his purpose fixed, though yet unknown to them, for their final ruin.

Where did this work of ruin begin? Do not tell me at the tavern or in haunts like that. What gave to pure and innocent youths that taste for taverns? Where did they get the appetite which sought its objects and its pleasures there? You will be compelled to look back far beyond their public limit, and to feel and to acknowledge the responsibility often centered nearer home. The moderate drinker is but an indurated apprentice to the drunkard. A gracious divine providence may cripple his ability in his youth, and he may not thoroughly learn his trade. But the habitual glass, however apparently refined, signs his indenture. And no one who starts as an apprentice of the craft, or who leads another to take a single step in its clearly marked line, has power to define the limits of the course.

God grant that we may never live to see our sons and daughters, so precious in our sight, cast out to perish under the destroying power of this legion demon! But if we would avoid this terrible sorrow let us avoid all connection with the habit of the trade. Let us remember that he plucks the lambs from the flock at home, and selects the victims for his holocausts when they and their least expect his approach. If you will save the souls of your children from the destruction, or yourselves from all participation in the ruin, banish the "accursed thing" from your habitation; lock up the tempting bottles from their sight and reach, and do not offer up your tables this unnecessary inducement to vice, this direct provision for impoverishment of the health, poison to the bodies, and destruction of the souls of yourselves and your children and your friends.—The Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D.

How to Treat the Intoxicated.

Under this heading the Vegetarian tells how an intoxicated man can be instantly sobered by the application of cold water. Referring to the use of cold water as resorted to by some physicians of olden times in cases of insanity it quotes from an ancient author the following:

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Charles F. Murphy, head of Tammany Hall.